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ANDREW·J·KIRKPATRICK

1308.

AN EXCELLENT

OLD SCOTTISH

SONG.

THE

Blaeberry Courtship.

NEWTON-STEWART :
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J. M'NAIRN.

THE BLAEBERRY COURTSHIP.

WILL you go to the Highlands my jewel with me,
Will you go to the Highlands the flocks for to see,
It is health to my jewel to breath the sweet air,
And to pull the blackberries in the forest so fair,
To the Highlands, my jewel, I will not go with thee,
For the road it is long and the hills they are high,
I love those vallies and sweet corn fields,
More than all the blaeberries your wild mountains yield.

Our hills they are bonnie when the heather's in bloom
It would cheer a fine fancy in the month of June,
To pull the blaeberries and carry them home,
And set them on your table when December comes in.
Out spake her father that saucy old man,
You might have chosen a mistress among your own clan,
It's but poor entertainment to our Lowland dames,
To promise them berries and blue heather bloom.

Kilt up your green pladie walk over yon hill,
For a sight of your Highland face does me much ill.

r I will wed my daughter and spare pennies too,
whom my heart pleases and what's that to you..
y plaid it is broad it has colours anew,
odman for your kindness I'll leave it with you;
ave got a warm gordial keeps the cold from me,
e blithe blinks of love from your daughter's eye.

y flocks they are thin, and my lodging's but bare,
d you that has meikle the more you can spare;
me of your spare pennies with me you will share,
d you winna send your lassie oe'r the hills bare.
went to his daughter to give her advice,
id he if you go with him I'm sure you'r not wise,
e's a rude Highland fellow as poor as a crow;
e's of the clan of Cantness for ought that I know..

t if you go with him I'm sure you'll go bare,
u'll have nothing father or mother can spare,
all I possess I'll depose you for aye,
o'er the hills, lassie, to go away,
s father' keep what you're not willing to give,
r fain would I go with him as sure as I live,
hat signifies gold sure to me,
the Highland ween my love and me.

Now she is gone with him in spite of them a';
Away to a place that her eyes never saw:

He had no steed for to carry her on,
But still he said, lassie, think not the road long.
In a warm summer's evening they came to a glen,
Being wearied with travel the lassie sat down;
Get up my brave lassie let us step on,
For the sun will go round before we get home.
My feet are all torn my shoes are all rent,
I'm wearied with travel, and just like to faint.

Were it not for the sake of your kind company,
I would lie in the desert until that I die,
The day is far spent and the night coming on,
And step you aside to yon bonnie milltown,
And there you'll ask lodging for thee and for me,
Or glad would I be in a barn for to be.
The place it is pleasant and bonnie indeed,
But the people are hard hearted to us that's in need.

Perhaps they'll not grant us their barn nor byre,
But I'll go and ask them as it is your desire,

The lassie went foremost sure I was to blame,
To ask for a lodging myself I thought shame,
The lassie replied with tears not a few,
t's ill ale said she that's sour when it's new,
n a short time thereafter they came to a grove
Where his flocks they were feeding in numberless drove

Allan stood a musing his flocks for to see,
Step on says the lady, that's no pleasure to me,
A beautiful laddie with green tartan trews,
And two bonnie lasses were bughting in ewes,
They said honour'd master are you come again,
Long long have we look'd for your coming home,
Bught in your ewes, lasses and go your way home,
I've brought a swan from the north, I have her to tame;

Her feathers are fallen and where can she lie ?
The best bed in the house her bed shall be,
The lady's heart was far down it couldna well rise,
Till many a lad and lass came in with a phrase,
Such a hall in the Highland she never thought on;
The laddies did whistle and the lasses did sing,
They made her a supper might served a queen;

With ale and with whisky they drank her health round,
And they made to the lady a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
He bid her look round her as far as she could spy,
These lands and possessions my debt for to pay,
You winna go round them in a long summer's day.
O Allan! O Allan! I'm indebted to thee,
It is a debt, dear Allan I never can pay,
O Allan ! O Allan ! how came you for me !
Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call you me Allan when Sandy's my name?
Why call you me Allan ? sure you are to blame:
For dont you remember when at school with thee,
I was hated by all the rest but loved by thee?
How oft have I fed on your bread & your cheese,
Likewise when you had but an handful of peas,
Your cruel hearted father hound at me his dogs,
They tore all my bare heels and rave all my rags.

Is this my dear Sandy whom I loved so dear?
I have not heard of you this many an year:

When all the rest went to bed, sleep was frae me,
For thinking on what was become of thee,
My parents were born lang before me,
Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the sea,
Those lands and possessions they left them to me,
And I came for you my jewel, to share them with thee.

In love we began, and in love we will end,
And in joy and mirth our days we will spend,
And a voyage to your father once more we will go,
And relieve the old farmer from his trouble and wo,
With men and maid servants us to wait upon,
So away to her father in a chaise they are gone;
The laddie went foremost, the brave Highland loun,
Till they came to the road that leads to the town,
When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,
Come down gentle farmer Catharine's at your door.

When he look'd out at the window he saw his daughter's face,
With his hat in his hand he made a great phrase,
Keep on your hat farmer, don't let it fa',

For it sets not the peacock to bow to the craw,
It's hold your tongue Sawny and do not taunt me,
For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be,
Now he held his bridle reins till he came down,
And then he convoyed them to a fine room:
With the finest of spirits they drank a fine toast,
And the son and the father drank both in one glass.

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